

A TRUE
NARRATIVE

Of the Life of

Mr. GEORGE ELLIOT,

WHO WAS

Taken and Sold for a SLAVE;

WITH



His Travels, Captivity, and Miraculous Escape
from *Salle* in the Kingdom of *Fez*.

L O N D O N :

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A T R U E

NARRATIVE

Of the Life of

Mr. GEORGE ELLIOT.

 WAS admitted into *Cajus College*, in
 I the University of *Cambridge*; where I
 continued for some Time, when com-
 mencing Bachelor of Arts, I obtain'd
 Letters Testimonial from our College, and then
 left the University. During my stay there, I
 remember *Titus Oates* was entered into our Col-
 lege; by the same token that the *Plague* and *He*
 both visited the University in the same Year. He
 was very remarkable for a Caning Fanatical way
 conveyed to him with his *Anabaptistical* Education,
 and in our Academical Exercises, when others de-
 claim'd, *Oates* always Preach'd; some of which
 Lectures they were so very strange, that I do yet
 remember them. I moreover remember, that he
 said not above a Year in our College, but removed

to St. John's; what the occasion was, I cannot call to Mind; and then he was so inconsiderable both as to his Person and Parts, that I appeal to all who knew me, whether *Elliot* and *Oates* could be such intimate Acquaintance as *Oates* would make the World believe.

E After I had commenced Batchelor of Arts. I left the University; and having an opportunity of Travelling with some Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, with whom, after a transient view of *Flanders* and other of the *Spanish* Provinces, which had been the Seat of War for some Years preceeding, I had the opportunity to see St. *Omers* also, where *Oates* was once a School-boy, and no Jesuit. I remember during my stay there, which was three Days, St. *Ignatius*, or *Xaverius*, or some other Jesuit-Saints Day happened, and I with the Gentlemen with me, were civilly envited to Dinner at the *English* College; where to give the Devil his due, we met with nothing but Learning and Civility to their Countrymen and Strangers. From St. *Omers* we directed our course into *France*, directly for *Paris*; where, whence after I had gratified my juvenile Curiosity with the Rarities and remarkable Places there, and several others in *France*, I was carried into *Italy*, and after to *Rome*; where I saw that Great Beast of a Whore, as *Oates* called him, a Reverend old Gentleman *Rospigliosi* who then was Pope. He happened to die a little after my

coming thither, which was the occasion of my Fortune to stay there, *sede vacante*, during the Election of another Pope. I never saw the *Scotch* College during my stay there, nor any *Scotch* Father, nor any that belonged to the College that I know of. I was frequently indeed in the *Roman* College, and I had the happiness of hearing *Padre Gotinio* the then Mathematick Professor discourse very satisfactorily upon several curious Subjects.

I staid in *Rome* no longer than the Election of *Altieri Rospigliosi*, Successor to the former, after which an occasion happening of parting with my Company, I parted also from *Rome*; and intending home again for *England*, I came to *Leghorn*, where finding an opportunity of the *Bristol*, one of his Majesties Frigates, I had a convenient Passage to *Alicant* in *Spain*, and from thence to *Malaga*, where I embarked aboard Sir *John Herman*, the Rear-Admiral under Sir *Thomas Allen* in the *Streights*, who gave me Passage to *Gales*. About the beginning of *May*, I had the curiosity to see *Sevil*; from whence having the convenience of some Company, I took my course directly for *Lisbon* in *Portugal*; there was then residing Dr *Craddock*, Minister to the *English* Merchants there whom I had seen at *Cambridge*; to whose Civility and some *English* Gentlemens, particularly Mr. *Buteel*, I was exceedingly obliged.

There was at that Time no Vessel designed for *England* in the River of *Lisbon*, excepting a little Ketch

Ketch, called the *John of London*, laden with
 oranges and Lemons, and I was very desirous to
 turn Home; so that I was obliged to take my
 passage in that small Vessel; some who seconded
 my Desires, alledging that I should be more secure
 there than in a bigger, because she by reason of
 smallness would keep near the Coast, and so out of
 danger of the *Turks*; and besides Sir *Edward Sprag*
 was said then to lie upon the *Portugal Coast* with a
 squadron of *English Frigates*, so that these Seas
 should be scour'd clear of the *Barbary Rovers*. Upon
 which Arguments I was induced to Embarque a
 board that little Vessel, where I lost my Freedom.
 My loss of Liberty soon after began when I part-
 ed from *Lisbon River*, designed for *London*; about
 three Days after we met Sir *Edward Sprag* with his
 squadron, who encouraged us with the News that
 Pirates were in those Seas, he having lain there
 about a Month. Upon which we struck out to Sea,
 the Wind being Northerly, and cross to us all the
 while; so that by the 22d of *June* we had got no
 farther then *Cape Finisterre*, on which Day, whilst
 the Master and I were at Breakfast, a Boy who sat
 at the Helm, cry'd out, a Sail, which was the only
 one we had descry'd (excepting Sir *Edward Sprag*)
 since we left *Lisbon*: By our Glasses we perceived
 she had a mind to speak with us, for she had got out
 her Sails, and bore down upon us directly before
 the Wind, which methought was no sign of a Mer-
 chantman, therefore I desired the Master to bear
 towards

towards the Shore, who refused to be persuaded alledging, that this was the usual Passage of *Hollanders, French, and English*, and that it was most probable, that this Ship which was in view must be a Friend, for that year we were at Pe with all *Europeans*. About Ten o'Clock up came the Ship with *French Colours*, as soon as she came near us, so that we could not Escape, she put down her *French* and put up *Salle Colours*, and withal gave us a Gun, which obliged us to Strike. Immediately appeared upon the Pirates Deck about 200 *Moons*, who commanded us to put out our B and come aboard them, which we all (except one) presently obeyed. For our welcome, and shew us what Entertainment we are after to expect the Master of the Vessel and myself were Stript and Tyed to the Mast in order to be Whip'd, so they might extort a Confession where the Money lay hid if we had any; we satisfied them as well as we could, that they were Masters of all that we knew of in our Vessel; and so we were released from the Mast, and put in Irons below Deck with our fellow Prisoners. There it was that I began to reflect upon my Condition, for before (the change was so sudden and the strange uncouth Accidents surprising) I had scarce leisure to Consider: It was hard to express my resentments then; all my fellow Prisoners were lamenting with pitiful Cries and Tears their miserable Estate, which only afforded matter of triumph and insolence to our cruel and mercil

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sters; who when they heard us complain of our
 condition, would visit us with some Blows, insult-
 most intolerably over us, lifting up our dejected
 heads, and spitting upon our Faces; not vouching
 any other Name than Dogs. I must confess this
 humane Usage was very hard to digest at first,
 a little Time, and the discipline of our skilful
 officers easily reconciled us to it; for we found that
 armuring did but enhance our Affliction, and en-
 large our Crosses. Our Vessel was within two or
 three Hours after she was taken, sent to *Salle* with
 twenty *Moors* aboard her, who carried with them
 our Provision of Beef and Bisket, leaving only
 a little Pork, which we soon devoured: After
 which, we had nothing left to maintain us in Life,
 but a small Quantity of dried Olives and Bisket,
 which every Day was allowed us: This sort of Diet
 did indeed bring down our high Stomachs, and
 made us very Tractable.

We lay in this miserable Condition about forty
 days, oppressed as with many Inconveniences, so
 specially I remember with the stench and nastiness
 of our Lodging; sometimes in the Day we were
 permitted to come above Deck, to suck in a little
 fresh Air, and to wash Ourselves, but this small
 comfort was soon forgot by returning to our Irons:
 there was scarce a Day almost, according to my
 remembrance, in which we did not either give
 chase, or else were Chased; for the *Salleman* was a
 good Sailor, and whenever she saw a Sail, she im-
 mediately

mediately made after her; if she found her strong to Grapple with, then she tackt and stood away. At length about a Month after I was taken one Morning when there was little Wind stirring we were call'd up upon the Deck, I thought it had been to refresh Ourselves, but we found it was with Labour and Toil, for there being a great Calm that Day, we were obliged to tug hard at the Oars till Ten at Night; at which Time, we came within of a *French* Merchant laden with Oil, whom we had been in Pursuit of all that Day; as soon as we came near her, we poor Christians were remanded to our Kennel, and moreover had a Centinel set over us to observe us. A little after three or four *Frenchmen* had the unhappiness to make us a Visit, and take up their Lodgings in the same Quarters. It was but a miserable comfort methought to have such Companions in Misery, and truly the Sight of so many dejected Souls, particularly the Merchant (who lost 2500 Crowns of Cash, besides his concerns in the Cargo) affected me then with more sensible Grief than my own Sufferings; he was a Man of too tender a Constitution to endure the same Miseries as the Rest; we were all lodged equally, and had the same sort of Accommodation that *French* Gentleman and the meanest of the Seamen were treated alike; which subjected him to such Grief that was too powerful for him, so that at length it broke his Heart, for he died the next Day after we Landed.

Our Barbarous Masters were well pleased with
 rich Prize, and resolv'd to go Home with her
Salle, so they directed their Course thither.
 The fortun'd one Day to meet with hard Weather,
 which increased to a Storm that Night. The *Moors*
 perceived were in great Trouble and Amaze-
 ment, so that a conceit entered my Head, that if
 should all of us with Resolution fall upon the
Moors who had the Management of the Ship above
 Deck, we might easily make her change Masters; a
 project which if it had been Prosecuted, did not
 seem Impracticable, for there were not above thirty
Moors who understood any thing of Navigation or
 Seaman; these were above Deck, and employ'd;
 The Rest of the *Moors* were surpris'd with so great
 consternation, that the Captain commanded them
 to go below Deck; so that if we had resolutely
 attack'd the Captain with his few Companions, and
 knock'd down the Hatches upon the Rest, we might
 have succeeded; but this poor-spirited *Frenchman*
 with two more, apprehending the Difficulties of the
 surprize as insuperable, declared their Resolution
 to discover all, if we proceeded, notwithstanding
 The Rest of us seem'd Unanimous, as thinking that
 should never find a better occasion to venture
 our Lives to regain our Liberty.

A few Days after, by break of Day, we found
 ourselves near two great Ships, who put out
 their Colours; this put the *Moors* into a great
 fright lest they should fall into their Hands, where-

fore they made all the Sail they could, and labour'd hard to get clear of them, but to little Purpose, for the other two Ships gained manifestly upon the *Salleman*, though it proved not to our Comfort for when they came up to her, and every Minute she expected to be Boarded, all of a sudden the Christians (who were then lying below in Irons heartily praying for our Deliverance) heard a Shout of Joy above Deck; for the Ships who were in Chase of us, discovered themselves to be *Algerines*. The Admiral called the *Springing Tyger*, as I think another. Then there was great rejoicing amongst them, coming aboard each other freely, and mutual Treats past, and we Christians also were permitted to go and Visit our fellow Slaves and Countrymen; who acquainted us with the News that some *English* Frigates were lying then before *Salle*, which gave us some hopes if true, and made the *Moors* very wary. That Evening we parted from the *Algerines*, and bore directly for *Salle*. At length we came in sight of the Castle, but could discern no Ship before it, we therefore made direct for the River, when presently there starts up a Vessel that made all the Sail she could at us, and obliged us to tack and strike down along the *Barbary* Coast: She put us so hard to it, that we were forced to forsake the *French* Prize, and leave her to be picked up by the Pursuer, which was an *English* Ship called the *Holmes* Frigate of two and twenty Guns, whom afterwards I saw at my return at *Ca*

Wh

Whilst she was employed in taking the Prize, the
Alleman in the Interim made away, and Night ap-
 proaching, in the Dark made her Escape.

The next Morning, all we Christians were com-
 manded a Shore, because the *Moors* had run them-
 selves into a Creek some twenty Leagues South off
 the *Coast*, where they lay concealed from the Sight of
 the *French Frigate*, though we had her plainly in view all
 the next Day, with the *French Prize* at her Stern,
 were with languishing Eyes and sad Hearts, seeing our
 deliverance, but not being able to approach it.
 I think there they landed us poor Christians in number
 of thirty, *English* and *French*, who were to
 travel to *Salle* under a Guard of a Couple of *Moors*
 also, whom we might easily have rid Ourselves
 of, if we had judged it Safe or Convenient: But
 the *Nele* was the only Place whither we could retreat
 before, and these were our Guides thither, through
 a desolate and forlorn a Country, as barren and
 a Land as ever my Eyes beheld. We were
 two Days in Travelling these twenty Leagues,
 but we had not the Prospect of any Town,
 or House all the Way, nor could we see any
 steps of Husbandry or Civility; the best Water
 we met with was very Brackish; our Provision,
 the *Bech* our Masters allowed us, when we parted
 from the Ship, was all devoured the first Day. Our
 condition indeed, during that Journey, was the
 most deplorable that ever I was in; for our short
 and hard Lodging aboard the Ship, had
 much

much weakened our Bodies, we were very Hungry and had no Meat, exceeding Thirsty and for whole Day had no Water, the Sun was very Hot and no Shelter, the Heavens looked like Brass and the Earth like Iron, all which circumstances will easily convince any that we must of necessity long to get clear of that cursed Country, which threatened us with inevitable Destruction, and there was no other Place of refuge but *Salle*; so that our Condition of Life must appear very Piteous, seeing we longed for the Place of our Captivity, and panted after our Afflictions. When Night approached, our Guides made us take up our Lodgings where there were a few Shrubs, which we kindled on Fire to secure us from the Lions, and other Beasts of Prey, as Wild-Boars, &c. of which we saw several in our Way.

At length upon the third Day we came within Sight of *Salle*, about half a League from which we met with a Garden full of delicate Fruits, which if the *Moor*s had not freely bestowed upon us, we had made bold to have took without Leave, such was our Necessity: There we were permitted to refresh Ourselves for two Hours, before we made our Publick Entry into the City, which was indeed extraordinary, for we were accompanied by several Hundreds of idle rascally People and roguish Boyes who came out of the Town to meet us and welcomed us with horrid barbarous Shouts, somewhat like the Irish *Hellub*. We in the mean Time we were

Hungry, forced like a drove of Sheep, through the several
 d for Streets, the People crowding to Gaze upon us; and
 ery Horse us, for Civility is a Piece of Religion with
 re Brabant. With this solemnity were we conducted
 instance through the Town unto the River, which we were
 necessary Crois to another *Salle* standing on the North-side;
 , which here were we all shut up in the Deputy Governors
 and then Court-yard, where like a Pack of tired Hounds, we
 what on all fast asleep upon the Ground.

, seeing At Evening we were conveyed to our Lodgings,
 y, and where we were to repose Ourselves that Night, a
 ight a place proportionable to the Rest of the Entertain-
 Lodgment; it was a large Celler under the Street, Archt
 h we find supported with two Rows of Pillars: tho
 l other light it was furnished with, came through three
 nich holes in the Street strongly Grated; through one
 of which, by a Ladder of Ropes we descended
 within this Room, called the King's *Majana*, capaci-
 ty which was enough to hold 300 Persons, (for very near
 which that Number of Christians of several Nations
 us, were shut up there at Nights) besides a whole
 e, such Leytal of Filth, in which, whosoever's lot it was
 t to be there, he must wade up to the Ancles. There
 ade of watch'd all Night, for Sleep I could not; and
 eed although the next Day I was to be Sold publicly in a
 sever Market, yet the peeping in of the Light was joy-
 e Boyful, because I was to leave that intolerably noisom
 wel Prison.

new By Sun-rising next Morning we were all of us
 e we who came last to *Salle*, driven to the Market-place,
 force where

where the *Moors* sitting Taylor-wise upon Stalls round about, we were severally run up and down by Persons, who proclaimed our Qualities of Trades, and what best might recommend us to the Buyer. I had a great *Black* who was appointed to sell me; this Fellow holding me by the Hand coursed me up and down, from one Person to another, who called upon me at Pleasure to examine me what Trade I was off, and to see what labour my Hands were accustomed to. All the Seamen were soon bought up, it was Mid-day e'er I could meet with a Purchaser; the Reason was, a Boy of the Vessel wherein I was taken, in hopes of favourable Treatment from the Captain who took us, pretended to discover my Quality to him, assuring him that I was a Relation of the now Duke of *Norfolk*, who was then Ambassador from his Majesty at *Taffileta*, and was come to *Tangier*. Upon this information, the Captain put a great Value upon me, and that was the Reason why none would meddle with me; untill about Noon *Hamed Lucas* agreed with the Captain, and paid down 600 Pieces of Eight for me.

I was pretty well pleased with my Fortune to fall into the Hands of such a Person, who besides that he was of great Répute there, seemed to carry in his Deportment an Air and Meen that was Extraordinary; and therefore I hoped for some more favourable Treatment from him than from another: But other Christians who had heard of this Patron of

mine, pityed my Ignorance, as knowing that he
 as a cunning *Jewish* Merchant, and that he bought
 with a design to extort from me a great Ransom,
 though I found it to be too true a Character of him
 fore Night: For after he was come to his own
 ouse, whither he commanded me to follow him,
 presently makes me acquainted with a Piece of
 his Mind and Temper; telling me, that he had Paid
 considerable sum of Money for me, which he did
 on the Prospect of a Ransom for my Liberty,
 proportionable to his Expectations and my Quality,
 which he was well assured was such, that it would
 answer whatsoever Hopes he Entertained; and he
 would have me know that I had to do *with a Man*
with a Beard, and who was too cunning to be im-
 posed upon, and therefore advised me to forgo that
 Piece of Policy which the Christians frequently
 make use of in concealing their Qualities, and dis-
 guising their Conditions: since it would be in vain
 to Prevaricate before him, who was very well in-
 formed of my State, and as well acquainted with
 my Fortunes in *England* as I myself; and wished
 me rather to propose such a Ransom as was suitable
 to his Expectations, from so considerable a Captive,
 for Payment of which he would allow me sufficient
 Time: and if I gave any Demonstrations of sincerity
 in Dealing with him, I should be exempted from
 all slavish Employments; but if I refused a Com-
 pliance with these Proposals, I should experience
 the greatest Severity that any Slave in *Barbary* could
 from his Patron.

Seeing

Seeing he professed himself a *Man with a Beard*, and one
 stated to be imposed upon; I endeavoured all I could to disab-
 him; and possess him with a clear Notion of the naked Truth
 professing with all Sincerity, that I was so sensible of the Misery
 of Captivity, that if a Kingdom were at my Disposal, I would
 frankly quit all pretensions to it, in exchange for the Happiness
 the Freedom and Liberty I enjoyed in my own Country: But
 such has been the Pleasure of God to me in the dispensing
 Goods of this World, that he has allowed me no more than what
 he saw me then Possessor of; so that I found myself under
 much worse Circumstances than other Christian Captives, by how
 much I sustained greater Expectations, and was least able
 Answer them; but that which was the greatest Aggravation of
 Misfortunes was, that I should very much contribute to the calling
 in Question his Prudence and Judgment, because all the Town
 would admire when they shall see the Event, that the wise *Han-
 Leticus* was imposed upon in giving 600 Pieces of Eight for a poor
 Slave, who was not worth a *Maravidi*.

At which last Words, he was so Transported with Passion
 that he showered down a whole Torrent of Blows upon me, and
 fighting unluckily upon a Stick, he broke my Head in several
 Places, and never ceased till he made me all in a Gore blood: I
 was not able to Stir, and the cruel Villian permitted me to lye
 a little while; afterwards he comes again a fresh, and drags me out
 of his House into the Streets, and then falls upon me a new
 beating me all along the Streets, to the great Grief of my fellow
 Captives, who were of the same Mind with myself, that I should
 hardly out live the Night. He brought me at length to a *Black
 Moor*, who was working in Lime, commanding me with all cruel
 Insolence imaginable, to serve that *Black*, by giving him up Limbs
 with my Hands, which I did, till such time as my Patron
 departed; and then I signified to the *Black* that I was very Sick
 and by Signs prayed him to let me leave off that Work which
 had almost Choked me; which by his pitiful Gesture I perceived
 he allowed. So I lay down upon the Ground and fell a Sleep
 my Patron presently returned, and took such a Course to Awaken
 me, that he had very near laid me a Sleep for ever; for he gave

me a Blow in the Small of my Back, which created such a purgent Pain, as quite cashiered all Patience and all respects of Self preservation; so that I vented my Passion in the most Rash inconsiderable Expressions, the most provoking, opprobrious and menacing Terms, that my Anger and my little *Spanish* could accommodate me with, daring him to dispatch me, for my Life. But then seemed a grievous Burthen to me.

The Covetous *Moor* fearing lest I should make my Words good, and by putting my Hand to myself, rob him not only of his Hopes, but also of his 600 Dollars, departs from me with a threatening Gesture, which I shewed very little Sense of; for I immediately composed myself to Sleep again, being so weary that I could have rested contentedly upon Briars and Thorns. Some while after this cruel Dog returned, and awakening me gently, the *Tow* smiled upon me, asking me if I would drink Water; I answered I was like to die for want of it, having Drunk none that Day: so he directed me to a House near by, where a Woman was, who gave me some in an Earthen Pot, which after I had Drank off, she broke the Pitcher. I returned to my Patron, who made me follow him Home, and after a plentiful Supper which he allowed, he gave me a Hammock, and ordered one to shew me the way to the *Masmora*, where I remained all Night.

The next Day he had provided a *Jew* (who had been in *Europe* and spoke good *Latin*) to treat with me, as if my defect in the *Castilian* Language wherein he was exquisite, had occasioned the unsuccessfulness of his Negotiating with me. This *Jew* I found to be a good understanding Man, who was quickly made sensible of the Truth of my Condition, and withal a Man endued with more Humanity than generally the People of that Religion are, which he evidenced by his good Advice to me to this Purpose; That my Patron was a Man of violent Passions, and very Sick, that though he himself was pretty well satisfied of my utter inability to Answer what my Patron demanded, yet if my Patron should be so perswaded, and find himself Bilkt in all his great expectations, he would certainly convert his Hopes into an extravagant Rage, and then put me to some cruel Death; therefore he gave advised me, as not to looth his vain Hopes, so neither quite to

Banish all: As thus, says he, you shall give me leave in your Name to acquaint your Patron, that you have Relations and Friends who are Powerful and Rich, though you are Miserable, and you have Reason to believe, that rather than you should spend all your Days under the Presures of a heavy and cruel Captivity, they would make a Purse of 1000 Crowns to Ransom you. This Proposal, says he, though it may not satisfy his Expectation, yet it will Banish all Despair, and so you may live till God who has been pleased to afflict you by bringing you hither, may be pleased to in due Time to redeem you hence.

This Advice of this charitable Jew, I so far complied with that I not only gave him Liberty to free my Patron from the Despair of any Ransom at all, but I resolved to improve it, by promoting his Hopes to the highest Degree imaginable. To this purpose, finding after that the Jew had acquainted him with the issue of his Discourse with me, and of my coming up to 1000 Crowns, yet notwithstanding his Rigour did not Abate, but every Day he put me to harsher and severer Tasks; I one Day let fall some Discourse which encouraged the conceit he had entertained of my Relation of his Excellency the then Lord Henry Howard. This indeed by all my fellow Slaves was looked upon as a strange Piece of Policy in that Place, to blab out my great Relations where all other Christians by all Art and Care imaginable, Studied to represent their condition Mean, and to conceal their Relations and Fortunes so much the more as they are Considerable; and therefore one of them told me, that he never expected to see me one of the Privy Council; I answered him, that neither did I so long as I was a Captive there: He said, he wished me in my own Country in a Place there called *Bedlam* which was fittest for me, and he believed my Cousin (for so his Slave ship was pleased to stile him) the Lord Howard would be of the same Opinion; I answered him, that I did not Question to be delivered from this insupportable Bondage by my Cousin's means; which afterwards came to pass after this Manner.

The Christians usually about Sun setting were sent to a Fountain of excellent Water without the Town, to bring Home in great Earthen Jarrs some of that Water; I also was sent by my Patron

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Among other discourse which the Christians use to have there, I listened to a Seaman discoursing of *Mamora* a *Spanish* Garrison, some twenty Miles distant from *Salle*, at the Mouth a River, and that he Sailing along the Coast, had observed it very Rocky for about eight Miles, but the Rest was a fine Sand that reached as far as *Mamora*, he said moreover that he believed a good Footman might run a Race for his Freedom in three Hours, if he had the Convenience of a favourable Night, and could scape a number of Tents which were pitch'd all along the Country betwixt *Salle* and *Mamora*, who are very industrious to pick up Slaves attempting an Escape, because the Law of that Land encourages them with Half the Slaves Ransom

Upon this Discourse it entered strongly into my Head, that I should be the Person who should win the Prize; but at present it was impossible by Reason of my Lodging in the *Masmora*, as also by Reason of my Lassitude at Night, being quite spent with the Toil and Labour of the Day; but if I could induce my Patron by any Arts to be a little Kind to me and abate his Severity, I thought I might fall into some Capacity of performing what I designed. Seeing then that the hard Usage beyond other Slaves which I endured, proceeded, from my obstinancy (as my Patron said) of not confessing myself to be a *Conde*, and particularly a near Relation of my Lord *Howard's* (as my Patron was inform'd) and whose Alliance he more coveted than any others in behalf of his Slave; I resolv'd to try my Fortnne a little under the Mask of a Person of great Quality; and this was the Reason, why I was pleas'd at that Time to own an Alliance to the great Family of *Norfolk*, which Sham, though occasioned my Deliverance; so that I found it by experience True, what is vulgarly said, that it is good to be related to a great Estate or Family, though at never so great a Distance; for I am sure all the Relation that I knew I had to the Duke of *Norfolk* then, was, that he was at *Langier* when I was at *Salle*, and so near we were then related indeed, and no more. However I wrote a Letter to his Excellency, which my Patron had Translated into *Spanish*, and such satisfaction did he Receive from it, that he allowed me a Month's Expectations of an Answer; during which Time I should be

treated with all the Mildness and Civility, only I was to look after his Barb and his House when he was Abroad; which Employments I esteemed a Happiness hardly to be expected in that Country. My Letter was delivered by my Patron to an *Irishman* by Name *Long*, newly Ransomed, who intended for *Calas* with first Opportunity; him did my Patron oblige by Promise, to deliver my Letter to his Excellency with all Expedition.

The News of my Quality presently spread Abroad, so that I had several Visits, and particularly from a *French* Friar, a very ingenious learned Man, who acquainted me that the next *Sunday* was *St. Bartholomew's* Day, and that he intended then (having procured Permission from his Patron, to Preach at the *French Consul's* House, and so invited me to be his Auditor. I told him I should be proud of the Happiness, if my Patron would give leave; he engaged to use his Endeavours with his Patron to procure a Licence from mine, which was obtained: So to the *French Consul's* I went, where after having heard a seasonable Discourse to Slaves about Patience under our Afflictions made by the Friar, the *French Consul* gave me a Glass of Wine or two, after which I returned Home. My Patron seem'd concerned at my long Absence to whom I replied that the *French Consul* had treated me with Wine which was extraordinary Good, and which if he understood the Virtue off, he would renounce *Nabumerism* to Drink of it: He counterfeited a Displeasure at my Railery, but I perceived he was really well satisfied, as who had no Antipathy in his Temper to the Juice of the Grape; which I had seen him before sometimes Drink with a great Greediness.

About the Dusk of the Evening, he and the *Jew* I formerly mentioned, being together at our House, ordered me to go to the *French Consul's*, and desire him to send to my Patron a quantity of Wine, which I did; but first I begged of my Patron that I might have Share of it, he told me he intended I should; then says I to the *Jew*, I must request another Favour of you, that you would interceed with my Patron, that I may not go to the *Masmora* this Night, for the Miseries of that Place will damp all the Pleasures and Satisfaction of the Day preceeding. My Patron was so Complaisant, that he condescended to both our Desires. Away then

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then went I to the *French Consul* immediately, to whom having
 imparted my Message, he ordered some Servants to carry a con-
 siderable Parcel of Flasks of Red Wine, (*Synops* I think they
 termed it) to my Patron's House. The Gentleman in the mean
 while arrested me civilly to drink a Glass with him before I went
 to the *Masmora* as was expected, which I did; withal acquainting
 him, that I designed also to have a Share of the Wine sent to my
 Patron, but my principal Aim was that he should have his Dose,
 and thereby I should Escape that Night; I told him how my
 Patron had accommodated me with a sufficient Opportunity, by
 excusing my going to the *Masmora* that Night, which if I neg-
 lected, I deserved to be Hanged next Morning. The courteous
 Gentleman seemed amazed at my Resolutions upon such a despe-
 rate Attempt, and endeavoured to dissuade me from an Enterprize
 which carried with it insuperable Difficulties, and which to his
 Knowledge some had attempted in vain, and had only purchased
 to themselves thereby heavy Stripes and multiplied their Miseries,
 whereas never any one in my Circumstances had accomplish'd it;
 however seeing me obstinately fixt either to escape or die that
 Night, he gave me his friendly Advice how to manage both my-
 self and my Patron in Drinking; and so telling me that he would
 pray heartily for my Success, and that he would not commit him-
 self to Sleep, till he heard of the Issue, with all humility and
 thankfulness I kiss'd his Hand, and departed to my Patron's
 House.

At my return, I found him and the *Jew* and four other *Moors*
 met at Supper, which was brought them by some Slaves according
 to their Appointment, so that this seemed a designed Club; which
 consideration created in me sundry anxious Sirmises, lest there
 being so many in Company, my Designs might happen to be
 crossed by some one or other of them; and thence it was, that all
 the while they were at Supper, I was very thoughtful, and
 engaged in deep Meditation, how to obviate all emergent Diffi-
 culties, which this unexpected Company might lay in my Way;
 yea so pensive was I, that I could not advert their Commands,
 which occasioned my Patron to enquire the Reason of my extra-
 ordinary Melancholy, seeing my fair Hopes of a sudden Redemp-
 tion,

tion, and his kind and civil Usage to me, together with the cheerful and jovial Temper of his Friends, who came to be merry with him, seemed to administer matter of quite different Resentments: At this I rowled myself out of my thinking Posture with some kind of Confusion, and humbly begged his Pardon for my unfuitable Humour, which I told him, proceeded from the Consideration of my Cousin the *English* Ambassador's resentment of my Weakness, in discovering myself to soon; and though I questioned not the speedy Payment of my Ransom and my Discharge, yet I could not, but with exceeding Trouble, reflect upon the Reason of his Displeasure, and the ill Consequences which must ensue if he should be Angry with me, for whose Favour and Kindness I had the highest Veneration and Respect.

At this my Patron bid me cheer up, and be merry with them, for says he, *I myself will Write to his Excellency the English Ambassador, and will Excuse you, I will acquaint him with the true way and means how I came to be informed of your Quality, and alliance to his Excellency. I pretended to be extraordinary much affected with this kindness of my Patron, which I signified by passing a Moorish Compliment upon him to this effect; That this Favour would out Ballance all the Miseries of my Captivity, and that if his Excellency my Cousin knew how happy I were in a Patron, he would come himself to redeem me with his own Person, and would throw himself at your Feet, ambitious of the Honour of being your Slave.* This Rhodomontado was so surprising and taking that he told me, that if he had not been sufficiently informed of my Quality before, this instance of my excellent Education had manifestly discovered me; upon which, I was forced to give over Complimenting, lest he should enhance Quality, and perhaps Beat me into the Royal Family for a Lye of my own making, as I had been before, into the Family of Howard for a Lye of our Ship-boy. However I earnestly begged him to Write to the *English* Ambassador with all Expedition, for if he removed my fears of his Displeasure, I will be the merriest Man alive; and then I resolved to cashier all thoughtfulness, both because I would give no occasion of Jealousy, as also lest too much thinking upon the Difficulties (which indeed were very great) might damp my Resolution

with the utmost, that I might that Night make my Escape; leaving the method and means to the management of Providence.

After these Compliments was over, I sat down with the Company, and compos'd myself to be as merry and agreeable as possibly I could; I sung several *English* Songs to them, particularly remember *Calm was the Evening*, &c. in the *Mock-Afrologer*, which was new when I left *England*; they were wonderfully affected with it, and were very desirous to have me Translate *la ha*, &c. into *Spanish*, which made me Laugh more heartily than I sung; they also sung *a la Morisco* to requite me. I must confess I never knew any who seemed much diverted with the Sweetness of my Voice, neither was I ever so vain to expect it; but really when I heard their barbarous Tones and Damnable Dissonant Jangling, I cannot deny a piece of Weakness which then possess'd me, which was a Pleasure to hear my own sweet Self Cant it. The Glass in the mean while did not stand still, which I principally adverted, for upon management of that, depend'd the Fortune of that Night: Therefore though I us'd all Art to shift it from myself, yet I us'd the same that my Patron might never balk it; which at last evidenced itself plainly, for he was got very Drunk, and truly I thought that then it was not safe nor convenient to my purposes for his Slave to appear Sober: Therefore I counterfeited the Humours of a Man overtaken with Drink, with all the Artifice imaginable, so that I afforded exceeding Divertisement to the Soberer part of the Company: yet withal the Glass was never neglected to be sent about, which was plied with such Industry, that before Midnight all the Company had got as much as they could well carry away, and my Patron abundance more; for my own part I pretended to be so much concerned, that I fell down, and there I lay till such Time as the Company pleas'd to depart, when they row'd me up to lock the Doors, which seemingly with much ado I effected; and then I returned to my Patron with the Keys.

Him I found in a Condition, such as a highly provoked revengeful Adversary could hardly wish for a more Opportunity: there was no Company in the House excepting my Patron, his Barb

Barb and myself; the Doors and Avenues were all secured; the
 Streets were clear, and the Neighbourhood hush'd up in the S
 leace of Midnight; the *Moor* could hardly either Speak or Stand
 all which ioyning Circumstances seemed to court a more resolute
 Patience than my own to compliance with this lucky Opportunity
 of Revenge upon an inhumane Monster, who professed it his
 intent to deprive me of all the Blessings of this World, and
 make Death to me more eligible than Life. While I was upon
 these Thoughts, the Brute raises himself up a little, and mutters
 somewhat to me of a not to be mentioned Carnality not only un
 worthy of Christian Ears, but the bare mention whereof offers
 Violence to the dictates of Nature, and which my Charity would
 never suffer me to believe that it could enter into any Man's
 Mind, unless I had heard of the Citizens of *Sodom*, and a Doctor
 of *Salamanca*: which abominable Proposal did so invigorate my
 Resolution, that immediately I had made him a Sacrifice to my
 most cruel Resentments of the barbarous Usage I received from
 him, if by a happy chance the Wine had not got the Ascendency
 over all his Senses, and laid him in a profound Sleep. I laid
 however hold of his Scimitar, and drew it, and put on the Blade
 so that if he had awak'd, I might have found myself under
 necessity not to flinch back, but to proceed with all Vigour, for
 my own Lives sake to take away his. But when I reflected upon
 the many Difficulties I was to encounter and overcome before
 could Escape, and the great probabilities of my being re-taken
 and withal the Cruelties of a death that I should Suffer, if *Ham
 Lucas* should be found killed by his own Slave: Upon these
 Considerations, I banished all Thoughts of Vengeance, and in
 Compliment to my own Self preservation, I gave the *Moor* my
 Patron his Life, as thinking it much more Rational, as well as
 Generous and *Roman* like, to save a Citizens Life, though my
 own, than to destroy an Enemy's.

Seeing then that my Patron was engaged in a deep Sleep, from
 which in all probability he could not awake in four or five Hours
 I immediately sheathed the Sword, and taking out of his Bags
 small parcel of *Spanish Pistoles*, (which methought, might not be
 unserviceable to me in another part of the World) together with

two Shirts of his, (for indeed I had none of my own) and a pair of Shoes, I put out the Candles, and with all Expedition I slip out of a Window into the Street, where again I unheath'd, being resolved to attack whomsoever I should encounter in the Streets, and not to part with that Liberty, which, though in a small Measure, I was then newly made Possessor of, unless with my Life. I went through several Streets, and by a favourable Providence, I escap'd all encounter of Discovery: I came at last to the River-side near the Castle, where presently I threw myself in, but after having been a little there, finding myself incommoded in Swimming, by reason of the Sword and the other Things, I went back to Shore, where I striped myself; and laid all upon my Back kept together by my Breeches button'd about my Neck: So I committed myself again to the Water; but the Tide carrying me upon one of the Ships, I was obliged to Struggle with all my Strength to get clear of it, which maugred all my endeavours, I could not do so effectually, but that I came within hearing of their talk Abroad. I conjectured then that the Reason of my slow proceeding might be the Weight of the Burthen I carried, and besides my Arms were a little Weary, and I had a great mind to throw myself on my Back and ease myself; whereupon I unbutton'd and let all my Cloathes, Riches and Armour go together, and Swimming on my Back, I at length came to the other Side of the River, a little weary, and altogether Naked and Defenceless.

Now the Dangers began to crowd upon me, and I had so near Prospect of them, that I wish'd I had never undertook the Work, and was entering into consideration of returning to my former Estate; but when I reflected on the loss of my Scimitar and the Gold, my desperate Estate gave me both Hopes and Courage; I had more than past *Rubicon*, I thought then, for there was no returning: So up I got, and having almost rounded *North Salle*, and left it behind me, with a good speed I made way, having no other Direction, saving the Noise of the breaking of the Sea upon the Shore within half a League on my left Hand; it was moreover Dark, and there was no Path or road that I could hit upon, so that many times I stumbled, and

fell over Stones, which cut and bruised my naked Body. With these sort of Divertisements I entertained myself until Day-break; when seeing at some distance before me a Mist arise, and being ignorant of the Occasion, and fearing lest it might be the effect of some Travellers, I turned to the Left, over a great Bank, on the other Side of which, I happily fell in on a Sand upon which the Sea broke, which continued about eleven or twelve Miles in length; there I had good Running for a while, till such time as I saw three *Moors* upon the Sand before me; but having nothing to say to them, nor any mind to their Company, I turned therefore to my Right Hand over the fore-mentioned Bank, where I fell in upon a Path, which I measured with all the haste I could, untill I had in view a couple of Tents reared up in the Path way: These I thought it a very unseasonable Compliment to visit so soon in the Morning, and therefore endeavoured to decline them by turning up the Bank upon the Left Hand; upon the Ridge of which I was obliged to Travel above a Mile in great Trouble wading through thick Fuzz and Goss, which pricked me with exceeding Vexation and Smart; the *Moors* on either Hand of me constraining me to keep this middle Course, unless I would expose myself to a manifest Hazard of being retaken. It pleased God that I had left the Tent a pretty way behind me, I turned therefore down into the Path aforesaid, where I exercised my Feet to the best Purpose that ever I think I did in my Life, for about three Miles, and then I came within Sight of *Mamora* the *Spanish* Garison.

I was then above two Miles distance, and being obliged to Part with the Path which I had hitherto followed, and then turned away from *Mamora*, I found great Difficulty to Run with the haste which my occasions required, for the Ground was full of Stumps, and other asperities very afflictive to my naked and wounded Feet, which rendered that little last Stage much more tedious than all the rest of my Journey; besides lassitude grew upon me so fast, that I almost fainted, so that I most impatiently longed to reach the only Place of my Safety, fearing lest I should Founder in the Entrance of the Port, after having Escaped the great Difficulties of a dangerous Voyage. There was a Hill up

With my Right Hand, which I had a fancy to ascend, thence to make my descent to the Garison with Pleasure; the *Moors* kept a kind of a Garison there to hinder the *Spaniards* from sallying out to ravage the Country; this I was ignorant off, otherwise I had not directed my Course thither, however this Error was very instrumental to my Preservation, for the *Moors* who saw me though I did not them, observing me direct my Course towards them, imagined I must be a Friend, whereas if I had made directly for *Mamora*, they had certainly intercepted me. When I came to the Foot of the Hill, being then out of Sight of those who were on the Top, I found the Ground so full of small Snail shells, which cut my Feet extremely, that I thought it more convenient to go along by the Foot of the Hill, which was much easier: I was got at last so near the Garison, that I could call to the Soldiers, who were very numerous upon the Works; I called out to them that I was a Christian, and begged them to relieve me by admitting me to come in; they waved their Hats to me, and withal I saw a Company sent from the Garison, enter a square Fort which was some distance from it. The *Spaniards* continued waving their Hats, which I mistook for a Sign to stay there, where I was, and make no further Advance till such Time as they had sent out to know what I was; I therefore sat me down there, at length off comes a great Gun from *Mamora*, whose Bullet grazed upon the Side of the Hill above me, which I looking after, saw the *Moors* who had mistrusted my long stay, coming down upon me, and then I made all the haste that fear could inspire me with, the *Spaniards* in the mean Time firing at the *Moors* to stop their eager Pursuit; at last with my utmost Endeavours I reach'd the little Fort, at the bottom whose Wall I fell down quite Spent, so that my Spirit fail'd me. The Soldiers carried me in a Cloak up to the Garison, where the Governor, after having caused a Glass of Wine to be poured into my Mouth to revive me, questioned me what I was, and whence I came (for indeed I was so covered all over my Body with Blood, Sweat and Dust, that it was hard to distinguish me from a *Meor* by my Colour) I satisfied him that I was an *Englishman*, whom God had been so merciful to, as last night to bestow

an opportunity of Escaping from a heavy Slavery in *Salle*, and direct me to this blessed Place of Refuge, for whose preservation and prosperity all poor Christians at *Salle* offer up their Prayers, and I particularly held myself obliged to do, so long as I live. The courteous charitable Gentleman (whose Name I am sorry I have forgot) congratulated my Deliverance, and told me I was heartily welcome to that Place, and because he saw my Condition required not much Discourse at that instant, he recommended me to the Care of the Physician, who very charitably procured me a few Cloaths, and applied to me such Things as I had need of. And then committed me to Rest untill about Noon, at which time the Governor sent for me to come to him upon one of the Rampiers, to shew me some Horsemen hunting amongst some Bushes, and he conceited that I was the Game they were in quest of: I accorded with his Opinion, and to confirm him in it, assured him that such a Horse which I pointed out to him, did belong to *Hamet Lucas* who was my Patron. The Moors were then within reach of the Guns, the Governor therefore commanded to let fly amongst them, and I upon my request, to Honour the Departure of my Patron, whom I thought never to have seen more, had the Favour to Fire two at him, which though they did no Execution that we could perceive, yet we observed that the Place was too hot for them, so that they made haste to be gone.

It is hard to be expressed, what a great Satisfaction it was to me, to see my cruel Enemy (whom but 24 Hours before I dreaded as *Indians* do the Devil) flee from me, and endeavour an Escape out of my Reach, with as much Eagerness, as the Night before he did out of his. Though I then smarted a little under the Severity of my weary and wounded Body, yet the thoughts of my Liberty entertained me with such pleasant Divertisements, as are not to be conceived by any but those who are in the Circumstances that I was in, and who can value their present Liberty, (which together with Health makes Life itself comfortable, and without which it is but an uneasy Burthen) by a competition with a hard and grievous Bondage under the professed, yea, superstitious bigottish Enemies of my God, my Religion, and my own Person. Yet when I reflected upon the Weakness of the Garrison, (which

At that Afternoon I had an opportunity to survey which was no bigger in circumference than the *Tower of London*; the feeble Resistance that 400 disheartened half starv'd sickly *Spaniards* could make against an innumerable swarm of *Moors*. (who lay about, and in a Manner besieged them) should they attack them, I must confess my fears did a little qualify my Joy, and I could not forbear wishing that my Patron and I were at a greater Distance. All the Night I could hardly rest, for the *Moors* twice alarmed us, and the Bells about the Walls were founding every Moment, to keep the Soldiers awake to their Duty; for should they be absent for Half an Hour only, it had been easy methought to surprise the Place, being defended only with a dry Ditch, and pitiful low Walls.

The next Morning early, the Wind presented fair, five *Barcas*, which had brought Provision from *Cadis*, were returning home, in one of which I gladly embark'd, bidding adieu to *Amora* my refuge and place of Deliverance, which since about two Years ago (as I heard with sorrow from *Hamet Lucas* himself) was taken by the *Moors* after above a 100 Years possession of the *Spaniards*; he declaring, that he was the first Man who entered. We sailed along the *Barbary Coast* all the Day, nothing occurring remarkable, save that in the Afternoon, the *Spanish* seamen acquainted me that we were Pursued. It was very strange and surprising when I beheld a Stern of us, an innumerable quantity of Fish, making after us at full Gallop as it were, leaping as it were, leaping above the Water; they quickly overtook us, and so pursued their Journey, without any concern at our hallooing, as they past very near us, on both sides of our Boat: They were about so long as an ordinary Cod, but they appeared much Broader; what the meaning of the Frolick should be, I cannot tell, but the *Spaniards* seemed more affected with my Amazement, than with that strange Appearance, so that I suppose this was an ordinary Divertment, that kind of Fish affords upon that Coast.

Upon *Wednesday* Morning, we were got as far as *Alarack* another *Garison* belonging to the *Spaniards* at the Mouth of a river, at which time we heard much shooting at Sea, so that

we thought it convenient to put into *Larache*. This is a strong Place, the Walls enclosing a considerable Piece of Ground, where grow abundance of excellent Grapes and rare Fruits. The Town is fortified by two strong Castles, well stored with great Ordnance into one of which we were permitted to ascend, to view a rare Fight at Sea, a very unequal Combat as to Number, yet briskly maintained by one *Dutch man of War* against six *Algerines*, where the Admiral and Vice-Admiral were two, and the least was of two and thirty Guns. The fight continued till Noon, when two great *Dutchmen*, and *Van Ghent* in the *Looking glass*, and another coming up, the *Turks* thought best to make Sail and stand away; and then luckily a-head of them, as they were weathering *Cape Spartil*, appeared six *Englishmen* of War. Captain *Beech* was Commander of one. The *Algerines* being hemm'd in, resolved rather to venture through the *English*, and so make their way into the *Streights*, than to turn upon *Van Ghent*, whose great Guns struck a great terror into them: So they went to the *English*. But Captain *Beech* with the first Broadside disabling their Admiral, they altogether tack'd and run ashore in the Bay of *Arkilla*, where they were all set on Fire, abundance of *Christians* being relieved, and abundance of *Turks* being killed. The Governor of *Larache* commanded our *Barca* to go out and bring an Account of the Action, which we did, and returned again at Night with the News, that the *Algerines* who were destroyed were, the *Springing Tyger*, the *Standing Tyger*, the *Dart Tree*, the *Shepherds*, I have forgot the Names of the Rest.

Next Day being *Thursday*, we set forward for *Cadis*, and upon *Friday Night* we arrived in the Bay. The next Morning, I applied myself to Mr. *Westcomb* (since Knighted) then Consul, who treated me not so much according to the exigency of my Condition, as his own Generosity, inviting me to his own Table daily, during my stay at *Cadis*, which was about a Fortnight. There I saw some of these very *Moors* Slaves themselves, who made me so; there being fifteen taken aboard the *French Prize* formerly mentioned, by the *Holmes* Frigate, and carried to *Cadis* and there Sold: This accident furnished me with a pleasant Opportunity of thinking how the Case was altered. About

middle of *September*, at Sir *Martin Westcomb's* desire, I obtain'd
 passage aboard a *Dutchman of War*, designed for *Saint Uves*,
 from whence I travelled by Land to *Lisbon*, the Place where I
 embark'd some fourteen or fifteen Weeks before, in that Vessel
 wherein I was taken. I went to pay my respects to Dr. *Craddock*
 and Mr. *Bulteel*, who saw me when I was at *Lisbon* before, and
 could hardly be induced to believe that I had been a Slave since,
 unless they had been assured by Mr. *Parry*, then Agent at
Lisbon, to whom I brought a Letter from the Consul at *Cadis*,
 commending me to his Favour in procuring me a safe passage to
England, and who certify'd him sufficiently of my Escape from
Sail and *to Mamora*, seeing I had brought Letters from the Governor
 they were *Mamora* to the Duke of *Veraguas*, then Governor of *Cadis*,
 of which Mr. *Westcomb* himself delivered up to the Duke.
 After my stay in *Lisbon* about a Fortnight, Mr. *Parry* the
 agent aforesaid, prevailed with the *Dutch* Consul, to grant me
 passage for *England* in a *Dutch* Man of War, (there being no
 English Ships of any Force then in the River, and I was very un-
 willing to hazard myself in small Vessels.) It was
 the very same Ship which I saw at *Alarache*, engaged with the
 Algerines. In the beginning of *November* I was brought to
Texel, (having had no convenience to be removed into any
 other in the Channel, by reason of a great Storm that hurried us
 back to the *Holland* Coast :) from *Amsterdam* I came to the *Hague*,
 where I was hearing, that Sir *John Chicheley* then Envoy from his
 Majesty to the Governor of the *Spanish Netherlands* was returning
 from *England*, I made hast to *Brussels*, and obtained
 passage for *England* amongst his Retinue, so that I returned to
England in *November* 1670. and never have been out of his
 Majesty's Dominions since.
 After my return I immediately went for *Oxford*, where I sell
 the favour of *George Wheeler*, Esq; then Gentleman Com-
 mander of *Lincoln Colledge*, who was pleased to think my indigent
 condition a fit Object of his Charity; with whom and his Father
 Colonel *Charles Wheeler*, I lived in quality of a Tutor to his
 Children from 1670, untill May 1672. During which Time I
 received Deacon's Orders from the Bishop of *Ely's* Hands, and at
 Christmas

Christmas following I was ordained Priest by the Bishop of *London*. In 1673, *William* then Lord *Grey of Wark* admitted me to be his Chaplain, with whom I lived untill his Death in 1764, after which being invited by some promises to *Dublin* in *Ireland*, I removed thither, and lived constantly in the City of *Dublin*, in the Execution of my Ministerial Function.

This is a true Account of my Captivity and Escape, which I appeal to many Thousands whether or not it agrees exactly, with what I have related these twelve Years past; *Hæc meminisse juvat*. I cannot indeed disown a Piece of vanity I have had, in frequently reflecting upon this remarkable accident of my Life, and such complacency I have had therein, that I have always freely complied with any handsome invitation to relate it; for there is a great Pleasure in remembring the great Dangers I have past (Dangers to evade which, the *Salamanca Doctor* would I believe have pawn'd all his *True Protestant* Expectations, yea and his *Swearing Faculty* too, which now considering the Temptations he is under, I am afraid he will be d — d before he'll part with it.) I have indeed heard many discredit the whole Relation as *Romantick*; but I never heard any tax me of an *Outism*, i. e. inconsistency with myself, as if I told one Story by Candle Light, and a quite different one again in the Day. But now that, *Haggi Hamet Lucas*, (who was my Patron in the Place of my Captivity) has by a strange Providence come over to this Country, and before several Persons of Quality and Reputation, attested the Truth of all these things by me related, which were within the sphere of his Knowledge; I suppose there will be but little scruple remaining, to unprejudiced Persons in the Belief of the above-written Narrative. Supposing it then True, what is there in it, to render me Criminal? Because I am Lame must I be beaten with my own Crutches? Because I have made an Escape from a sad Captivity in *Barbary*, do I therefore deserve to be hanged here in *England*? He must be a Devil at making of Plots, as well as discovering them, who can make such inferences as these pass, who because by God's Assistance to my own Endeavours I have saved my Country the Trouble and Price of my Redemption, will therefore bring me in guilty of Treason against her.



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